

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.

WM. OSBORN, Common Pleas Judge.
T. C. BUSHNELL, Probate Judge.
E. T. BRAYTON, C. J. Com. Pl. & Dist. Cr.
A. L. CURTIS, Prosecuting Attorney.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

R. M. CAMPBELL, Auditor.
WILLIAM G. HULTMAN, Treasurer.
L. H. KIPPLINGER, Sheriff.
GEORGE W. CURTIS, Recorder.
JOHN KEESE, Surveyor.
ISRAEL MARKEL, Coroner.
WM. COWAN, Commissioner.
JOHN VAN NEST, Commissioner.
W. G. GALLOWAY, Inf'r Directors.
WM. CRAIG, Inf'r Directors.
MOSES LATTI, Inf'r Directors.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS.

R. M. CAMPBELL, Ashland.
ELIAS FRAUNFELTER, Savannah.

BANKERS.

J. O. Jennings, Cash. H. Luther, Pres.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ASHLAND, OHIO.

Directors.

Hubert Luther, G. H. Topping.
James Crab, J. O. Jennings.
Jacob Purdy.

Do exclusively a banking business—buy and sell Eastern Exchange and Coin; Discount upon individual security. Sell Revenue stamps.

J. P. COWAN, Pres. A. H. MYERS, Cash.
ISAAC GAY, Tel. T. C. BUSHNELL, Sec.
J. W. BRYAN, W. S. BATTLES, W. S. BATTLES.

CITIZENS BANK,

Dealers in Gold, Silver, Exchange U. S. Bonds, Uncurrent money, Revenue Stamps, &c. Discount approved paper, pay interest on time deposits, and do a General Banking Business.

HOTELS.

MILLER HOUSE,
North side Main street, Ashland, Ohio. M. Miller, Proprietor. Good accommodations and reasonable bills.McNULTY HOUSE,
Wm. McNulty, Proprietor, South side Main street, Ashland, Ohio.

LAWYERS.

R. M. CAMPBELL,
Attorney at Law, Ashland, O., will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. Bankrupt cases in U. S. Court will receive special attention.JOHN J. JACOBS,
Attorney at Law, Ashland, Ohio. All kinds of business belonging to the profession promptly attended to. Office, opposite First National Bank, up stairs.JOHN D. JONES,
Attorney at Law, Ashland. Particular attention paid to collecting and business in Probate Court. Office on Church street, between Main and Sandusky.WM. T. JOHNSTON,
Attorney at Law, Ashland. Office—the one lately occupied by Osborn & Curtis, on Church street, near Main. Also authorized by the Government to procure Pension Certificates and collect Bounty and back pay.McCOMBS & CURTIS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashland, Ohio. Office in Bank building, over Beer's Hardware store.H. S. SEE,
Attorney at Law, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, and Notary Public. Particular attention paid to collecting Probate business, partition cases and execution of deeds, mortgages and contracts. Office in Miller's Block, second story, Main street, Ashland, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

P. H. CLARK, M. D. T. S. HUNTER, M. D.
Have associated themselves for the practice of Medicine and Surgery in the Village of Ashland. Special attention given to the treatment of Chronic cases. Office on Church street, near Main.GEORGE W. HILL, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon, Ashland, Ohio. Particular attention will be paid to the treatment of the following special diseases: Dyspepsia, disease of the Liver, the Kidneys, Scrophula and Epithelial Cancer.J. E. COWAN, M. D. W. S. BATTLES, M. D.
Having formed a Co-partnership, will give prompt attention to all cases in the practice of Medicine and Surgery.
Ashland, July 8, 1867-21

Miscellaneous.

RALSTON & VANTILBURG,
Jewellers and Silversmiths, three doors west of Miller House, Ashland. Gold and Silver Fashions and a choice variety of Jewelry kept constantly on hand. Highest price paid for old gold and silver. Repairing done to order and on reasonable terms.House and Lot for Sale—Rare Bargain!
A very desirable residence, on Maple Street, in Ashland, can be bought at a great bargain, if application is made soon. For further information, call at Union or the Times offices.

Ashland County

THE ASHLAND UNION.

"THE UNION, IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

VOL. XXII.

ASHLAND, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1867.

NO. 27.

Rates of Advertising Advanced.

One square, one week,	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion less than three months,	50
One square, three months, changeable at pleasure,	1.50
One square six months, changeable at pleasure,	2.00
Yearly advertisement three square, one year,	21.00
Yearly advertisement of one square, one year,	10.00
Business cards, five lines or less, one year,	5.00
Administrators' Executors' and Guardians' Notices, 2.00	
Probate Notices, 1.00	
All Editorial and Local Notices, per line,	10
Advertisements Leaded, or printed under the head of Special Notices, and in the Column advertisements, will be charged 50 percent in addition to the above.	

GIDEON GRINDEN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JAMES D. MCABE, JR.

The white-faced clock on the City Hall stared grimly out into the night, and its truthful hands informed the people in the neighborhood that it was eleven o'clock on Christmas eve. It was a genuine old-fashioned Christmas eve, at that, and the streets of New York were white with snow, and the wind was whirling the drifts about fantastically, to the evident discomfort of the old apple and hickory women by the Park railing, who lingered at their posts in spite of the lateness of the hour, hoping to turn another honest penny from some passer-by before midnight. The old ballad-vendor had packed up his stock in trade and betaken himself homeward long ago, and most of the New Yorkers had followed his example, so that the streets were almost deserted.

One man, at least, was abroad in the storm, and as he turned into a gate of the Park to make a short cut over to Broadway, where the stages were still running, the old apple woman, thinking that she might find in him another customer, began a pitiful petition to him to buy her wares, when he turned to her sharply, and the lamp-light fell full upon his face. A glance satisfied the woman, and it needed not his cold rebuff to cause her to shrink back from him with a frightened look. The man passed over to Broadway, and pausing a moment for a stage to come up, entered the clattering vehicle, and settled himself in his seat as if totally unconscious of the presence of the other passengers. His entrance appeared to cast a gloom over them, for soon they grew silent, and wrapping their coats and shawls closer around them, wondered if it was not growing colder.

At last the stage paused, and the man descended from it. Turning into a cross street, and walking slowly as if careless of the storm, he reached a large brown stone mansion, where he rang the bell. The door was opened by a fine looking servant in livery; but as soon as he saw the man, the domestic shrank back timidly, and made room for him to enter—throwing off his overcoat and hat and divesting himself of his wet boots, the man gave them to the servant.

"A cup of tea, David, in the library," he said coldly, as he passed into a luxuriously furnished apartment opening from hall.

It was a beautiful room, and great taste had been displayed in its adornment. The book-cases and furniture were of the choicest kinds, an open fire burned in the handsome grate, and even to the minutest article, everything was in its place. Perfect order reigned throughout, but there was in everything that coldness and sternness that marked the owner of so much discomfort.

The man drew a large arm-chair before the grate, and sinking into it, raised his feet to the fire. He never looked about him, but kept his gaze fixed steadily before him. Only once he raised his eyes to glance at a portrait which hung over the mantle. It was a woman's face—a face so pure and tender in its loveliness, that one could but wonder if it was really that of a human being. Only once the man gazed at it, and as he did so his eyes filled with tears, and his cold, hard mouth was an expression of intense pain. Then he sank back into his chair and his eyes fell upon the fire.

The domestic entered and placed the refreshments his master had ordered on a small stand at his side, and seeing the man so wrapped in thought, withdrew noiselessly without disturbing him, and still with that frightened, timid look he had first worn.

He was a very lonely man, this Gideon Grinden, in spite of all his wealth. He was a proud, cold man, and his unhappiness was chiefly of his own making. Years ago, he had married a woman much younger than himself, but such a woman as one meets but once in a lifetime, and having seen, never forget. Had she lived, he might have been happier and better, but she had been dead twelve years, and no other living being had filled her place in the merchant's heart. She had left him one child, and despite his coldness, he had lavished upon this little one a love only less strong than that he had borne for her mother. At eighteen this girl had married, against his will, a poor clerk that he had taken into his employ. He had cut her off forever, and now her name was never mentioned in his house. For four years he had not seen her face save once, when she came one cold winter night to beg for aid and forgiveness. He crushed the yearning of his heart for her, and turned her into the street, as he would have done to a dog that had strayed into his house. It was a cruel act, and since that time he had been harder and sterner than ever. He had no friends. His acquaintance shunned him, and sought his presence only when business made it necessary. No visitor ever crossed his threshold; no happy sounds or lights were ever heard or seen within the walls of his house. Even his servants feared and avoided him. He was alone in the wide world, and he knew it. He knew he must live alone, and that when he came to die he must go to the grave with not one loving or pitying heart to cheer his last moments or miss him when he was gone. It was a sad, sad thought to him, and sometimes it came to him to-night with redoubled force. This was why his eyes cloud-

ed and his face twitched with pain when he looked at the picture of his dead wife. The refreshments by his side remained untouched, and the merchant sat with hands folded wearily, and his eyes fixed absently on the fire—so still, so tranquil, that one might have thought him asleep. And as he sat there, through the storm, and through the closed and curtained windows of the room, came the sweet tones of the midnight hymns of Trinity. The music of the bells filled all the air, rising and falling with the wind. It was a sad and solemn tale they told: for they sang that the Christ child was born.

"Gideon Grinden?"

The voice was so soft, and yet so distinct and sweet, that it thrilled the merchant to his inmost soul. "Gideon Grinden," the voice said, "are you glad that Christmas has come again?"

There, standing just below him, was a strange, but beautiful figure. It seemed like an angel, for his face was radiant with purity and beauty, and its garments were of spotless white. It was scarcely a foot high, and its eyes were so small that they seemed like diamond points. Yet they looked straight into the merchant's soul, and read all that was passing there, and the proud man knew it, and shuddered.

"Gideon Grinden," said the voice again, "are you glad that Christmas has come?"

This time the tone was so reproachful that the tears started to Gideon Grinden's eyes, and he bowed his head and replied:

"Alas! Of all the world I have nothing to rejoice for to-night."

"Listen to me," said the little figure, softly. "I am Conscience, and I have come to speak with you. We have been strangers for a long time, but I have come back to you again. You must hear me to-night, for you cannot drive me away until morning; and O, if you are wise, Gideon Grinden, do not drive me away then."

The merchant sat silent and trembling. He knew that he was powerless, and he could not take his eyes from the little figure on the hearth. But it was little longer, for it grew in size every moment, until it assumed a gigantic form, and a meek and stern and terrible that the merchant almost shrank with terror as he gazed at it. Yet he could not turn his eyes away. One thing only remained unchanged; the voice of the figure was as sweet and solemn as ever. The merchant felt that he would give all his wealth to escape from its presence, but he could not move a limb.

"What do you want with me?" he gasped.

"I will show you," said the figure, solemnly. "Come with me!"

The merchant felt a strong hand grasp him by the shoulder, and the next moment he was borne through space with a speed so rapid that it deprived him of the ability to cry out. Suddenly there was a pause, and he opened his eyes. He stared in astonishment at the scene before him.

It was a little, plainly furnished room. Everything betokened contentment, though at the same time an absence of riches. A bright fire burned in the open grate, and the soft light of a pleasant lamp lit up the room. A woman, neither old nor young, sat by the fire, and at her feet knelt a child with his little hands folded in prayer. There was a look of quiet happiness in the pale face of the woman, and her soft eyes were bent tenderly upon the child at her feet, as he whispered his prayer so low that only she and the angels heard it. The merchant gazed at the scene in utter bewilderment. Then his eyes grew misty, and a great sob swelled up from his heart. He had recognized the two—the boy was himself and the woman was his mother.

"Do you ever pray now, Gideon Grinden?" asked the voice of the figure and the merchant knew that Conscience was still with him.

"Pray? I have forgotten," he said.

The woman turned to him slowly, and he stretched out his hands imploringly.

"O mother, mother!" he sobbed. "Let me be your innocent boy again!"

But the sweet face clouded with a look of mingled sternness and horror, and the hand that had rested so tenderly upon the boy's head was raised with a repellent gesture. The merchant sank back with a groan, and the vision faded.

"It is a terrible thing, Gideon Grinden," said the voice of Conscience, "for a parent to turn away from a child."

The merchant shuddered. He was thinking of his own child, and how he had turned from her prayer for mercy.

A slight movement of the man in the bed caused the woman to look up.

"Are you awake, George?" she asked.

"I have not been asleep, darling," replied the man, sadly. "I cannot rest for thinking, and the knowledge that I am so helpless makes me wretched. Our fuel is out, and we can get no more until the day after to-morrow, and we shall freeze in this weather, and on Christmas day, too. I could bear it for myself, Nellie; but when I think of you and our children—"

His voice failed him, and he sobbed with bitter anguish. The woman dropped her work and bent over him, trying to soothe him.

"We trust in God, George," she whispered. "He will not desert us."

"If your father were human, if he were not a fiend," exclaimed her husband fiercely, but she interrupted him.

"He is my father, George," said the wife, softly. "I forgive him the wrong he has done us, and I pray God to bless him and soften his heart."

Gideon Grinden groaned, and turning to the figure, cried imploringly:

"Let us go away! I cannot bear this!"

The figure silently led him from the room, and down the long stairs, out into the street again. It was no longer night, for the sun was shining brightly, and the thoroughfares were thronged with busy crowds hurrying to their accustomed avocations. The air was keen and frosty, and the extra wrappings and comforts which the people were assured the merchant that it was very cold.

The figure led him to a large store on one of the business streets, and only stopped when they reached the counting-room, where several merchants were collected around the stove. Gideon Grinden and his companion passed beside them, but the gentlemen did not seem conscious of their presence.

"What was that you said about Gideon Grinden?" asked one.

"I said he is a heartless brute!" replied another.

"What new thing has he done?"

"He has killed his daughter, and her husband and children. They froze to death yesterday, in a miserable hovel near East River. Think of it—on Christmas day, too—and old Gideon rolling in wealth in his sumptuous house."

"He has a tough conscience," said the first speaker; "but I would not like to be in his place when he comes to die."

"It is true," said the figure, solemnly. "In the sight of God you have murdered your children."

The merchant's brain seemed on fire, and he shrank aloud with anguish, for the terrible words burnt into his soul like red-hot irons. The figure at his side was so stern, so terrible, that he could not bear to look at it.

"Have mercy on me!" he groaned.

"My heart is breaking!"

"Your heart, miserable man!" exclaimed the figure, sternly. "Would you see your heart?" And without waiting for a reply, the figure placed its hand heavily on the merchant's head, and bowed it so that it seemed to turn his eyes inward. He could but look, and to his horror, he saw in the place where his last should have been, a hideous mass of corruption, so foul, so horrible, that he shuddered to look at it.

"It has changed greatly since you gave it to your dead wife, Gideon Grinden," said the figure sadly.

"Have mercy on me!" the merchant pleaded.

"Were you merciful to your child?" asked Conscience, sternly. "Have you kept the vow you made your dead wife, to love and protect her child always?"

The merchant was silent. He knew he had been pitiless and cruel.

"Come with me," continued the figure, "and I will show you what shall be the end of all this."

Again the merchant felt himself borne swiftly along, and when he opened his eyes again, he found himself in his own home.

He stood in his chamber, and involuntarily marked the contrast between its luxurious comforts and the miserable garret in which his daughter had frozen to death. He saw, to his surprise, his desk, where he kept his private papers and a considerable sum of money, open, and one of his servants searching eagerly among the contents. He tried to spring forward to stop the man, but he could not move, and when he endeavored to speak, his voice failed him. The figure pointed silently to the bed, and Gideon Grinden looked helplessly in that direction.

A man lay on the bed silent and motionless. His hand were clasped mutely on his breast, and his eyes were open and staring blankly at the ceiling. Gideon Grinden bent over and gazed at the countenance, but he shrank back in horror and dismay. Never had he seen such a look of despair as that dead man's face wore. So still, so terrible was it, that it seemed to be something supernatural. The merchant shrank back with a groan; for the face upon which he looked was his own.

"Is this to be the end?" he moaned.

"This will be the end," said the figure solemnly. "To die alone, neglected and unloved, and without hope hereafter—God help you, unhappy man!"

The figure slowly faded away, and Gideon Grinden looked up with a start. He was sitting in his library, with the untasted refreshments on the stand by his side, and the embers cold and lifeless in the grate before him. The gas was burning in the chandelier with a sickly glare, and through the curtained windows streamed the broad, full light of the Christmas sun. The merchant rubbed his eyes and stared around vacantly.

Then his gaze rested on the portrait of his dead wife, over the mantle-piece. The golden sunshine fell lovingly upon her face, and the eyes of the woman who had been so dear to him, seemed full of sweetness and tenderness as they shone down on him; carrying light straight into his heart that had been so dark. Involuntarily he placed his hand on his heart, and remembered how he had seen it, then a great sob burst from him and he cried:

"O, God be thanked! it was but a dream."

Another look into the dear eyes of the woman who had loved him, and he sank down on his knees and bowed his head lowly and reverently. Gideon Grinden was praying.

It was still early morning when the handsome carriage of the merchant drove by the Park on its way to East River. The old apple woman rejoicing in the sunlight that had followed the storm, was spreading her wares on her table, when she was startled to see the handsome equipage pause before her stand, and to hear the same voice that had repulsed her so rudely the night before, call to her to approach. She did so trembling, and when the merchant bade her cheerily, to hold out her hand, she obeyed because she feared to refuse. But her surprise was redoubled when she saw lying in her weathered palm a bright golden eagle which sparkled joyously in the Christmas sun.

"What is this for?" she faltered.

"To keep Christmas with, old lady," said the merchant, cheerily. He signed to the driver to move on, but as the carriage set off again, he caught a faint "God bless you, sir!" in the tearful tones of the old woman.

The Progress of the Reaction—The Glorious Triumphs in Boston and Pittsburgh.

The late Democratic triumphs in Boston and Pittsburgh, at their municipal elections, are among the strongest evidence that the political reaction which has been sweeping over the country with such force during the past year is still going on with increased momentum and violence. A year ago, if there had been two places upon the face of the earth that the Democrats would have conceded as the most hopeless for them, they would have been the great Radical strongholds of Boston in the East, and Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, in each of which the Radical majorities have for years ranged high into the thousands. Now the Republican organization has been beaten, and badly beaten, in both of them, and Democratic Mayors elected triumphant—in Boston by five hundred, and in Pittsburgh by twelve hundred. The fact that in the latter city the Democrats had the co-operation of the workmen and the greenback Republicans—the same as they did in this city in the election of General Cary—invests the result with even more significance. The new phases which the political field is assuming are all against the Radicals, and in favor of the Democracy. In the great contest between the bondholding capitalists on the one hand, the Democracy, the laboring men, and the conservative Republicans will vote together in a solid mass, and will constitute an overwhelming majority. So great is the reaction, that it is by no means impossible that the Radical candidate for President next year will be beaten in the States as badly as General Scott was in 1852. When such cities as Boston and Pittsburgh turn their backs upon the Radical party we may be sure that it has but little life left. We therefore bring out our chanticleer for a loud crow over these, the last and finishing Democratic majorities of 1867.—*Enquirer.*

Home, Farm and Garden.

In fifteen years, sheep have increased in Ireland over 2,000,000.

It is said frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones; they also make nice cake.

An agricultural paper, telling how to fatten geese, says that "not less than two must be shut up together."

A mulch of coal ashes placed around current bushes, is said to be an effectual remedy for the current worm or caterpillar.

To kill bushes in meadows or elsewhere, they should be cut in December. This has been ascertained by many experiments.

We see it stated that a Vermont farmer recently selected from a load of his potatoes twenty-six which filled a bushel basket.

To keep a copper tea kettle bright wash it occasionally with a solution of salt and buttermilk, rinsing thoroughly with clean water.

The wheat crop of California the present year is estimated at 15,000,000 bushels, equalling New York in the production of this important farm product.

An agricultural society in New York, recently spent several days arguing how flax grows. Every one had a theory, and labored earnestly to show that he alone was right. Finally, by way of settlement, one of them suggested the expedient of sputtering some of the seed. It was done, and lo!—all were wrong.

A correspondent of the *Rural American* recommends the following cure for lice on cattle: Take 12 or more good-sized Irish potatoes, pound them fine, then put into two gallons and a half of water, boil thoroughly, then let it cool, and apply as a wash to cows, calves, mares and colts, and all other creatures that have lice.

SHEEP IN THE ORCHARD.—The *Practical Farmer* says: "One of our most prominent orchardists tells us that in one of his orchards where sheep ran during the season, the apple crop was almost entirely unaffected by the codling moth. Next season his entire orchard will be pastured with sheep. This is an item worth remembering."

POTATO ROLLS.—Boil two pounds of potatoes, pass through a colander, or wash them well; add two ounces of butter and a pint of milk, a little salt, one gill yeast, and as much flour as will make a soft dough; set them to rise one hour, and bake. Sweet potatoes make beautiful biscuits mixed as above.

Breivies and Levities.

A Providence boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task, with moral sentiment, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming: "What in the world was you going to do with the milk, anyhow?" "I was going to steal a little dog to drink it," was the crushing reply.

Children in mission schools are greatly surprised sometimes, and show it in rather unexpected ways. A boy whose teacher was absent pretty often, came to the superintendent with this request, "Say, Mister, can you give me a regular man? I am tired of being shoved around so."

Look lies in bed, wishing the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

A down East paper, puffing off a certain essay, says it is the "best ever used for cleaning a dirty man's face. We have tried it, and therefore we ought to know."

A man who has a wife or sweetheart named Liza, is not to be believed in anything, for he's always telling Liza about everything.

A young man who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a gal-vanic battery, &c. &c.

As a citizen of Maine, his pedigree is said to be "termed a fact of main strength."

Why is a person asking a question the strangest of individuals? Because he is the querist.

Much adieu about nothing—the parting of two young ladies.

The lap of luxury—A cat enjoying her milk.

The harness of life—The traces of time.

A Democratic Gun from New Hampshire.

Even New England seems to have caught the spirit of the great reaction that is setting in against Radicalism. A day or two ago the telegraph announced a Democratic triumph in the municipal election in Boston—the home of the Sumners and Phillips, and the hot bed of Radicalism generally. To-day we have to announce the triumphant election of a Democratic Mayor in Manchester, N. H.—the first instance of the kind for years, and a case fully as remarkable and surprising as Boston. It is only significant of something even more astonishing (to Radicals) at the coming State and Presidential elections.—*Eng.*

A Good Juror.

The Charlotte (N. C.) *News* says: "The following is said to have occurred at Union Superior Court: A colored gentleman on the jury is objected to on the ground of incompetency. The following questions are propounded by the counsel to the juror:

Sam, are you a freeholder?
Yes, sar.

Have you any land?
No, sar.

What do you mean, then, by saying you are a freeholder?
I means bein' free and holdin' on and so on.

What is a vardiote, Sam?
Dun no, sar.

What is a plaintiff?
Dun no, sar.

What is a defendant?
I dun no, sar; I's green 'bout dese things."

Here General Canby's order was read, from which it appeared he was competent; so the man and brother was duly sworn in, and took his seat.

Agriculture is the most useful, the most healthful, and the most noble employment of man.—*Washington.*

A rare mind—Mind your own business.

Behavior, in Company.

On the subject of behavior in company, Leigh Richmond gives the following excellent advice to his daughters:

"Be cheerful but not gigglers. Be serious but not dull. Be communicative but not forward. Be kind but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speech; although you may forget them, others will not. Remember God's eye is in every face, and his ear in every company. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve without affectation is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into valuable company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of the company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another should be trifling, giggling and talking comparative nonsense to each other."

The "Good Time Coming."

In that day a man shall say to his servant, "What is the matter with the baby?" And the servant shall reply, "It has been sick for hours." And where is his mother?" "She is out electioneering for Sallie Robbins." And such conversations as these shall transpire between ladies and servants applying for situations. "Can you cook?" "Yes." "Wash?" "Yes." "All right. Who is your choice for State Milliner?" "Judy McGinnis." "Well, you can tramp."

And women shall talk politics instead of discussing the fashions; and men shall nurse the baby while their wives go to the polls to vote. And in that day the man who hath beautiful whiskers shall beat the homely man of wisdom for governor, and the youth who waltzes with exquisite grace shall be the chief of police in preference to the man of practiced sagacity and determined energy.—*Mark Twain.*

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